THE PRINCESS

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: THE PRINCESS :

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Volume I. MARCH, 1918 Number 3

Contents

The March Wind (Poem) 4
The Sunshine Girl (Story) 5
My Task (Poem) 8
"Much Ado About Nothing" (Story) 9
Yesterday and Today (Poem) 13
A True Story (Story) 14
The Nurse (Story) 16
"Visitors" 19
Editorials 21
Locals 24
Editor's Table 26
Queens Jester 27

The March Wind

M. W. P.

O wayward, wildest wind of many moons,
The Sad, yet Frolicsome, to thee, all hail!
Thou soundest forth in plaintive, ceaseless wail,
Thy dirge to Winter, and in gayest tunes
Thou singest like a poet his joyful runes.
On hilltops blowing, and in deepest dale,
The branches thou dost strain before thy gale.
Thou preparest the way for Summer's sweet boons,
O messenger that Winter is now fled,
That buds shall burst and birds shall sweetly sing,
That quickly over earth new life shall spread,
O Thou, who dost this welcome promise bring,
Awake and summon from her wintry bed,
The Soul, the Spirit of tenderest Spring!

The Sunshine Girl

HELEN JOHNSON

Yvon looked up at the great Liberty statue with a wistful expression on her thin little face.

She had started for this new land with a return of her old childish joy. But since she and Jacques, her brother, had become separated, her last hope of ever being happy again had left her. What this land of promise held in store for her she could not know, and she no longer cared.

Her eyes filled with tears as she thought of her home in Belgium, of those happy days when mother would tell them such lovely stories of the deeds of the Belgium people, and best of all, of their Daddy "Somewhere in France."

Soon they would go ashore, and Madame had assured them that morning that they would all find homes there. Already the crowds were forming about the gangplank, and Madame was beckoning for her.

Yvon was too tired to remember very much that night except that she was taken from the large building where all the children were, away alone. Then she was put to bed in a real bed, and soon fell fast asleep.

* * *

A lonesome couple in a large American city had recently decided to adopt a child. They had left the description of the child of their choice with the relief committee, and had received the assurance that a child as nearly like it as possible should be sent to them. She had arrived the night before, while they were away. Yvon was this child.

* * *

She awoke with a start of delight the next morning. The sun was stealing in the window and giving a touch here and there of rosy light. In all her eleven years she had never seen anything so beautiful. Surely it was her long-dreamed-of trip into enchantment! And oh! she remembered now. Madame had said she was to have a new, really, truly mother, a fairy godmother. It was only natural with this palace. The thought of a mother brought remembrance of

her own mother, who nurse had told her was asleep, and would not waken soon. But all this was forgotten in her excitement over her new home.

She dressed quickly in her little blue dress of the Belgium orphans. But when she started out she glanced toward the mirror and her reflection there caught and held her. Suppose her new mother didn't care for her! She was so homely, but worst of all, her hands!

While she was dolefully regarding herself, the door slowly opened and Mrs. Staten entered. Through the mirror Yvon saw this reflection. The fairy godmother, she thought, and turned quickly toward her.

This godmother looked Yvon over slowly, and then speaking to someone outside the door, "Yes, Janet, she'll do very well when she is properly clothed and fed." Turning to Yvon, "Come here, dear, and tell me your name."

Yvon came forward in her most polite manner to greet the lady, but when she heard herself called "dear," she could restrain herself no longer, and ran toward Mrs. Staten with outstretched arms. The startled voice of Mrs. Staten was heard—"But Janet, she has no hands!"

Yvon stepped back, her affectionate nature pierced again over this new opening of an old wound, and fell sobbing wildly, on the bed.

Mrs. Staten watched her in silence a few moments, and then crossed over to the bedside., Her sympathy for the child conquered her own disappointment. She took her in her arms, soothing and comforting her. Janet looked in the door, and seeing the course events had taken, withdrew quietly, smiling to herself. She had a baby of her own.

* * *

Months had passed, and with them had come many changes. Foremost among them was the change in Mrs. Staten. In little Yvon she had at first seen nothing but her physical deformities. Now she saw the heart of the child, shining forth all the brighter on account of these.

One day while out riding, she and Yvon had seen an announcement of a meeting to be held for the Belgians stranded in America. They had stopped, and gone into the meeting. The speaker announced that they had with them that day a

woman of high merit and deserving great praise—Madame Lavier.

The woman arose; she was a woman of great personal beauty, with the mark of suffering left upon it. As she came to the middle of the platform, Yvon looked up. "Mother, Mother," she cried, and ran to her.

The happy mother, long since thought dead, accompanied them home, and there the reunion took place. Mrs. Staten urged them to make their home with them, as Yvon was their "Sunshine" girl now and had brightened their lives so much they would not consent to her leaving.

So it was arranged, and Yvon, a radiant child of twelve, would never be known as the same little girl who had come to the Staten home, unwelcomed, a year before.

My Task

WINIFRED POTTS

Dark is the sky and the raindrops fall,
Splashing and lashing the hospital wall.
Dismal and drear is the night outside,
Bleak and barren are the fields and wide.

Full is my heart of the awful strain,
Rending and tearing my soul in twain.
Mangled and bleeding around me lie
Suffering tortures, they ask to die.

Clear is the morn and the sun shines bright,
Softly caressing the wards with light;
Restful and quiet are the lads from care;
Gone are the shades of the night's despair.

Strong is my heart for service today,
Willing and eager each call to obey.
Noble and worthy is this my task.
Lord, for the day, Thy guidance I ask!

"Much Ado About Nothing"

"Good-bye, Proud World, I'm going home!
Thou art not my friend and I'm not thine!"

came back in half-defiant, half-sorrowful notes from the tall boy at the old-fashioned gate, to the girl in the hammock underneath the big oak tree.

"I don't care if he is angry! That detestable quoting habit of his will simply drive me crazy. I wouldn't marry him if he had a million dollars for every quotation! And I won't!"

With these words the tall, fair-haired girl rose from the hammock, let fall a novel from her lap, and haughtily strode into the house.

On the porch, she ran into her best chum, who was peacefully seated in the swing, awaiting her. Briefly, she related her troubles to Anne, excused herself, and fled upstairs to her own room.

Various thoughts passed rapidly through the mind of the dark little maiden, thus left alone. Her exquisite sense of humor compelled her to see the ridiculousness of the situation, yet she realized that it was a serious affair. Here was her best girl friend, whom she had adored all her life, refusing to marry the handsomest, the wealthiest and altogether most worthwhile lad in town, simply because he had somehow fallen into a habit which was peculiarly annoying to the girl he loved. Anne felt that Adelaide must not give up such a good catch, and that she herself was commissioned by fate to cure him in some way. These thoughts and others similar made their way in rapid succession through Anne's disturbed brain.

Suddenly, she sprang from the porch, hung her gay silk knitting bag on her arm, and walked briskly down the shady side of the little town's main street.

In the meantime, Quentin had gained his own room and was there letting out all his pent-up longing and disappointment. Once inside the door he proceeded on a course of action that would have reflected credit on an inmate of an Insane Asylum rather than on the young cashier of the

county bank. As soon as the door was bolted, he walked to the mirror, and addressing himself fiercely, cried: "Her very frowns are fairer far, than smiles of other maidens are!" as if he fully expected his reflection in the mirror to deny the truth of such an undisputed thing.

Suddenly wheeling, he strode rapidly around the room, pulling his dark hair frantically down over his broad, white forehead, as if in an effort to hide his distorted countenance from everything in the room.

Another moment and the nearest bedpost was passionately embraced, as Quentin murmured, "A long, long kiss—a kiss of youth and love."

He continued this ridiculous performance for some time. At last, hurling his strong frame across the bed, he exclaimed, "But to see her was to love her, love but her, and love forever!"

As suddenly as it had come upon him, the fit of raving left him. He arose and spent the whole afternoon in hard work at the bank.

The next morning, almost with the rising of the sun, Anne went to see Adelaide. She found her friend seated in the garden, awaiting breakfast,—a little pale perhaps, but seemingly in cheerful spirits.

"I have been to see Quentin, or rather I have seen him," Anne began, "and I have exacted from him the promise that he will not quote a single time if you will make up with him. Are you willing?" asked she, with characteristic fondness for getting to the point.

"Yes," said Adelaide, "on that condition I am willing."

The following night Quentin called. Anne felt that at last she had become of some real service in the world. She had healed the breach, apparently, and she looked forward to the peace-maker's reward.

The visit, however, was satisfactory neither to Quentin nor to Adelaide. He was not himself, and she seemed bored. Nevertheless, he came the next evening, and the next. Whatver might be said of his defects, no one could doubt Quentin's perseverance.

It was raining in torrents on the evening of the fourth day. The wind blew, the trees shook, and the excessive

rainfall flooded the roadways. It was with a sense of misgiving that the persistent lover started on his way. The midnight blackness of the sky, the dismal howl of the wind, and the ceaseless downpour of rain, all began to have their effect on his mood.

When he entered the room where Adelaide, in her radiant young beauty, was awaiting his arrival, the boy seemed to bring in with him something of the gloominess of the outside atmosphere. They talked of commonplace things, of happy things, of events of mutual interest, yet Quentin's pleasure was overshadowed by the feeling that some dire calamity was about to happen. And it did happen. Quentin quoted!

When the boy had recovered from the shock, and had come to his senses, he was within two blocks of his own home. He had broken the bond, that was true, but he was beginning to change. He slowly realized what a fool he had been.

"I have been permitting the girl to run over me. Now is the time to stop it all. There are other young women besides Adelaide—none so beautiful, perhaps, but just as attractive. There is Anne—no, Anne would never do—but I will stay away and cure myself of this fancy!" the unhappy Quentin said to himself with determination.

On learning the new turn of affairs, Anne became alarmed. She felt that her plan was to be an utter failure. The brave little soul almost wished that she had undertaken the job of acquainting Adelaide with literature, and had tried the other plan, the one she had so successfully worked on her uncle the summer before. For had she not cured him of constantly saying "thus and so" by using the phrase herself in every sentence she uttered? Her black eyes began to sparkle as she thought of this, and her hope rose. Yet within her heart she felt something akin to remorse for having tried to take Dan Cupid's business from him.

The days passed. A week went by. Another followed, and still Quentin kept the promise which he had made to himself.

On one of those indescribable nights in June when all the stars vie with the moon in brilliancy, when the air is cooled after a sultry day, when all is quiet and one feels that it is

just time to live, Adelaide sat in the hammock. The strong moonlight, flooding the garden, showed a mingled mass of green leaves and colored blooms. Vines, heavy with blossoms, covered the old wooden fence and shielded this cozy nook from the gaze of passersby. Rosebushes in abundance poured forth their fragrance, which the breeze quickly scattered over the garden.

Adelaide loved this particular spot; so, here, she had come to rest and think.

"It is a heavenly night," she thought, "but it would be more heavenly if Quentin were here."

"Why doesn't he come?" she added aloud as her blue eyes began to fill.

At the sound of her voice, the small figure of Adjidaumo, her pet squirrel, appeared from the side of the fence, ventured a little farther each second, and finally landed in Adelaide's lap. This was pleasing to the girl, for the affectionate creature seemed to understand her mood.

"Yes, Adjidoumo," the girl said, "I would marry him if he used as many quotations a day, as he has pennies!"

A gentle breeze wafted the perfume of the flowers toward the girl. She drew in her breath to enjoy the delicious fragrance. As she did so, she heard a familiar voice behind her saying:

"And cannot see the pretty follies that themselves commit!"

—A FRESHMAN.

Yesterday and Today

MARY WINIFRED POTTS

'Twas yesterday I held him in my arms,
A curly lighted-haired boy,
Protecting, shielding from the harms
Which would his life destroy.

Today he marches forth to war
Beside his allied brother,
To make the world in peace and law
A safe place for his mother.

A True Story

LAVINIA E. BOYER.

Mamma had gone down town and left me alone. I was sitting in the library, reading the newspaper, with a box of chocolates nearby. A horrible murder story took up three columns. A negro had caught a little girl in an alley, had murdered her, and hidden her body in an old cellar used for rubbish. He had escaped, and there were hardly any clues to his whereabouts. I turned over to the next page. "Man Enters Home—Takes Valuable Jewelry—Brushes Past Woman Who Answered to His Knock."

Such were daily occurrences in this big city. We had recently moved from a quiet little town into this big city known as a "soft spot" to all the bums. Mamma was very fearful and would not allow me to go very far from home alone. When she left me, her parting injunctions were to lock all doors, and not to open them to anyone whom I did not know. But youth always seems to go along carelessly, trusting to luck that all will end well. So I never took precautions until dusk. Anyway I never would have allowed anyone to enter. I never let people know I was alone.

Just then the negro cook interrupted my mental comments, by sneaking into the room, trembling from head to foot, her eyes rolling wildly, showing their whites, and whispering that someone was trying to get into the kitchen. I was not one of those timid, helpless girls, so I could not scream, but my heartbeat was not as steady as it had been a minute before. I rose immediately and peeped out the window commanding a view of the back porch.

What I saw there was enough to cause me to hurry into the kitchen. The man was opening the kitchen door. I used all of my strength against the door, forced it shut, and locked it. Then I asked the cook where the bread knife, my only weapon, was. She did not know. It was not in its accustomed place. Oh! there it was! I grabbed it, deciding to strike if he advanced.

The man was slipping off the porch. Then we heard him

fumbling at the shutters of the kitchen window. The cook could hardly get her breath. I waited with the bread knife in my hand. My heart was beating suffocatingly. My knees threatened every minute to let my body sink to the floor.

The shutter was being opened by a dirty hand. Next, a rock would smash the window, or a revolver would shoot. But no, the worst was put off until a later date, for the smutty hand was placing a Black Hand note behind the shutters. He went away while the cook and I stared at each other. Then she opened the window and handed me a "Bon Ami" pamphlet.

The Nurse

MYRTLE WILLIAMSON

Margaret Grey, the youngest nurse in the Lone Star Hospital, looked more like a schoolgirl than a nurse, as she entered the Southern station with Dr. Braton.

The old doctor's voice was troubled as he said, "I wish that I could go with you, Miss Grey; you are too young to travel alone in the middle of the night. If only one of the older nurses could have gone—"

The doctor's words were only a jumble as he finished the sentence. He knew that the hysterical woman, who had demanded that a nurse be sent to her at once, did not need her as badly as she thought she did.

There was nothing to do but to send a nurse, and, as Margaret was the only one who could go, she was to leave on the midnight train, for the little town thirty miles away.

"I'm not afraid, Dr. Braton," Margaret replied laughingly, "There's only one station between here and Saxton, and Mrs. Stiver will have some one to meet me there. I almost wish I could have an adventure, though," she added under her breath, "to take my thoughts off of Jack."

The train came just then, and with a few last words of instruction, the doctor left her. She waved her hand to the old doctor as the train left the station, and then leaned back in her chair to think.

It was three weeks since her only brother, Jack, had gone out of the city to spend a week in an old lumber camp, about twenty miles from the city. When he did not return at the end of two weeks, Margaret began to feel uneasy, but she received no answer to her numerous inquiries about him. It was unusual that he did not write to her, for since the death of their father and mother they had been comrades in everything.

As she sat deep in thought, she suddenly became aware that the train was stopping. Thinking that this was Saxton, she picked up her suitcase and hurried from the train. She was surprised to find the station dark, and apparently no one

to meet her. She stood for some time undecided what to do, and then, remembering that Mrs. Stiver had said that she lived just north of the station, she started in that direction.

When she was a little distance from the station she saw a light some distance in front of her. Walking rapidly, she soon reached a little cabin. When she knocked on the door, it was opened almost immediately by an old negro man, who looked at her in amazement, as he cried, 'Fo' de land's sake, Missy, am yo' de nurse?"

"Yes, I am a nurse," Margaret replied, "can you tell me where Mrs.—"

But the old negro interrupted her by exclaiming to his wife, "I done knowed de good Lord gwine send dat nurse, Mandy. Ain't I done told you He not gwine let Massa Jack die?"

"Jack?" Margaret exclaimed.

"Come in, Missy," Mandy said. "Rastus, yo' stand dere gibbin' all night, and let dat poor boy die atter de Lord done sont dat nurse! Come in, honey!"

Margaret quickly followed the old woman into the little room, and there on the bed, tossing with fever, lay Jack. She ran to him, but found that he was unconscious. As she examined him, the old woman told her of how her husband had seen him fall from a cliff, more than a week before. He had brought him home, and they had tried in vain to get a doctor for him.

"But," Margaret said, "you should have no trouble in finding a doctor in a town the size of Saxton."

"Saxton!" Mandy cried. "Law, honey, you ain't in Saxton." And for the first time Margaret realized that she had left the train at the wrong station.

The next morning, as she looked out of the window, she was surprised to see Dr. Braton coming up the hill. Mrs. Stiver had telephoned again when the nurse did not arrive, and he started immediately in search of her. He said that Jack would be able to be moved in a few days, and that he would return then.

As he was leaving, Margaret looked up at him and said

simply, "Doctor, I feel like saying with Rastus, 'Mandy, ain't I done told yo de Lord gwine answer my pray'r.' "

"Child," the doctor answered, "when you are as old as I, you can truly say with the poet, 'More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of.' "

The Sophs

As Freshmen green we did start out
To gain the honors all.
And to this day no one can doubt
We won in basketball!

Perhaps a little Sophomoric
We are our second year.
At least we seem like paregoric
To all our teachers dear.

While o'er the next two years we pass
With honors still a plenty,
May all pay homage to our class—
The awful class of '20.

Visitors

GRACE MONROE

Mary was lying across the bed weeping over the failures of the day. Her favorite boast was that she never hurt herself studying, but that she always had such perfect luck, and managed to slip through somehow. On this day, her so-called luck had failed her. She had been scolded more than once, and it was for this reason she had been found in the pitiful posture indicated above.

Suddenly, before her appeared the strangest figure.

"Spare your tears, my child," said a faint voice. "I am Mind's Eye, and I believe I can assist you in solving your present difficulties, although I can not retrieve your past mistakes. My method is to show you the mistakes of the past, so that you may avoid mistakes in the future. Here are my assistants."

A crowd of sad, pale, hungry-looking creatures filed into the room.

"This," said Mind's Eye, introducing the leader, "is Neglected Opportunity, and his children, the Little Opportunities. That horrible-looking creature behind is Bad Lessons, who always follows them."

"I will tell you about my children, the Little Opportunities," said the leader. "This smallest one is the time between mail call and lunch. The next one," he continued, taking them as they entered the room, "is the time between close of school hour and the period for exercise. That short time between dinner and such occasions as lectures, concerts and society meetings, looks very pathetic. Now, I present my largest child, Monday Afternoon."

"Since these are all of your children, who are the others accompanying you?" inquired Mind's Eye of the leader.

"These are my closest relatives, Lack of Concentration, Lack of Enthusiasm, and Lack of Self-Dependence, who depends on the support of her neighbors to pull her through. Lack of Attentiveness is my ugliest relative. She is usually

whispering, or dreaming in class, and therefore, obtains no good from the lesson."

"This is horrid," cried the girl, "horrid."

"You are to profit by it, my child," answered Mind's Eye. "Just use these simple axioms, which have helped you in Geometry. They will help you in all of your studies. Let me present Axiom Self-Dependence, who does her own thinking, and does not constantly trouble her neighbors; Axiom Concentration, who keeps her mind right on her work; Axiom Attentiveness, who listens carefully to explanations in class, and profits by them. My child, by using these Axioms, and Little Opportunities, you will attain the goal of success."

But ere Mind's Eye had finished speaking these last words, the Axioms and Little Opportunities had retired from the room as noiselessly as they had filed in. Mary looked around to thank Mind's Eye for his advice, but he, too, had disappeared from her view, and she alone was in the room.

Editorials

"PEP"

The *Princess* wishes to offer congratulations to the Sophomore Basketball Team on their winning the much-desired championship. Credit is due, of course, first to the members of the team, who by their skillful playing brought honor to their class, but not all the credit by any means. The captain, the coach, and the ones who played in practice, come in for their share of praise, and likewise, much is due the supporters of the team, those who were always present and cheered so enthusiastically.

It is in connection with this last that we wish to speak of that part of college spirit, better known in athletics as "pep." We all know that real school spirit is an indispensable thing to any college; that it is always the school whose students are overflowing with enthusiasm, who take part in all its phases of work and play, that succeeds. The recent games have proved the fact that not only the winning team and class have showed friendly rivalry and splendid enthusiasm, but the whole student body. We are capable of putting "pep" into a basketball game. Why should we not put more real "pep" into the other phases of our school life? It will pay. Try it.

WHAT THE WAR IS DOING FOR SCHOOL GIRLS

The optimist says that there is good in everything, but it does not take an optimist to see an uplifting influence this war is having upon school girls. The selfish and frivolous are being made thoughtful for others; the average girl is beginning to realize that she must make every minute of her time count while she is in school, that she may be capable of real service when she is graduated; and the girl who has always striven after things worthwhile, is now looked up to as an able leader.

Selfishness, the base and foundation of many school-life troubles, is being uprooted today. In its place, unselfishness

is slowly but truly growing from the tiny acorn into the mighty oak. Here is a girl who denies herself of a new evening dress in order that hostess houses may await the boys in France. She eats no candy for a while, gives a few sewing parties, and a little French baby is clothed. Another gives up an unnecessary hat, and exchanges her lace and ribbon-filled bag for that of the knitter. These things are willingly done, showing the spirit of sacrifice, brought on by the war.

Besides unselfishness, a stronger spirit of industry, and steadfastness of purpose are being fostered. Realizing that industry lies at the bottom of all success, the school girl of today is learning to work and to do it systematically. She studies because she feels the importance of study. She is daily showing more definiteness of purpose. Her ambition, instead of having for its goal, knowledge of a little French and music, is now to prepare herself, by means of a liberal education, to do a woman's part in the upbuilding of the nation after the war.

Thoughtfulness for others, sense of responsibility, unselfishness, a stronger spirit of industry, and a fixed purpose—these are the benefits which American school girls are receiving from the condition of the world today.

ENEMIES IN OUR MIDST.

Round about us, even in our midst, enemies are encamped, as dangerous to the college girl as submarines to a ship. Springtime always brings with it a lazy feeling, a lack of energy, and the temptation to do nothing. This desire for idleness is a part of the so-called spring fever—a very common thing at this season of the year. And for this very reason we are apt to ignore it, and overlook its danger.

It is not a passive enemy, lying in wait for us, but an active one, preparing in many forms to make a big Spring drive. We see evidences of this on all hands. The forces are being strengthened every day. It is time for us to be on the alert. We must not suffer defeat. There is an increase of work at this time, and a necessity for the rightful employment of all our hours. Every minute made to count, and every task energetically completed, means a bullet shot into the hostile ranks when the enemy does appear in full force.

IS KNITTING A FAD?

During the cold and snowy days of the past few months, the incessant clicking of knitting needles, as they deftly shaped useful garments for those in service, could be heard in almost any corner of our buildings. Not merely here and there, but in every room, it seems, the gayly-colored bags formed a pleasing contrast to the sombre gray and tan of the wool. The sight of the girls thus engaged prompted someone to ask, "Is knitting a fad?" Decidedly in the negative was the answer given. It seemed truly absurd that any one should even hint that the girls were knitting because it was "all the rage," and not from a higher motive.

But with the approach of warmer weather and the consequent resting on the grass and benches, here and there on the campus, brightly colored yarns—green, blue, rose, and yellow—seem to have replaced the soberer khaki. Summer sweaters of all sizes and descriptions are being swiftly woven—later to add charm to the appearance, perhaps the knitter herself, or some dear friend. Each day there is an increase in the number of workers, for as soon as a new yarn or a new color appears, a half-dozen enthusiasts immediately plan a sweater or a scarf from this latest material. In the midst of this, however, the soldier is not forgotten. Still at work on their patriotic task are the members of the tenth legion.

By the rapid swelling of the ranks in the army of knitters, and the brilliant display of gorgeously colored bags, in the house and on the walks, we are led to believe that knitting is, after all, with school girls, for the most part, only a fad—but a very pleasing and useful fad indeed.

Locals

THE PARTIES.

For three weeks the college community was cut off from the city, and we were altogether on our own resources for entertainment. During this time, two very delightful and enjoyable parties were given. One was an old-fashioned tacky party, and the other a Valentine party. The tacky party was given by the Y. W. C. A. to the students and faculty. Every one went as tacky as possible, and, to be sure, many ridiculous personages were there.

The Valentine party, which was given by "South Hall" to "North Hall," was enjoyed immensely. The sitting room of South Hall had been beautifully decorated with hearts and cupids. Both parties were successful in their attempt to relieve the monotony of the quarantine.

THE TOURNAMENT.

The girls have entered into athletics with hearty vigor this spring. The teams representing the Fitting School and the College Classes have just completed a hotly contested series of basketball games. Good team work and skill were exhibited by all teams in all games. The proud Sophomores, however, proved to be the best and most skillful players, and won the championship.

RECITAL.

The special students gave an interesting recital to the college and public on the evening of February 25. There were some very entertaining readings which showed good training and talent in the performers. The musical selections were very beautiful, and were thoroughly enjoyed by a large, appreciative audience.

ENTERTAINMENT BY SOLDIERS.

Quite an interesting program was given in the auditorium of the college by some soldiers of Camp Greene on the even-

ing of 23rd of February. A number of French war poems and poems of Robert Service were read with much expression and feeling. The most interesting feature, however, was a lecture given by Major Nelson, a soldier who has been "over the top," and who has twice been awarded medals for bravery, once by King Albert of Belgium. The entire program was highly entertaining.

WITH THE LITERARY SOCIETIES

Both societies are hard at work studying the great men and events of the present day. Their literary programs have been interesting, and have stimulated our interest in the momentous current events.

FIRST AID CLASSES.

Red Cross First Aid Classes have been organized. The classes are under the direction of capable city physicians, and are to have ten lessons in first aid work. The course is proving interesting as well as instructive, and promises to benefit all who are taking it.

THE VOLUNTEER CONFERENCE.

Queens College sent a delegation of five representatives from the Y. W. C. A. to the Student Volunteer Convention which was held at Elon College. Misses Mary Liles, Margaret Wilkinson, Elizabeth Wearn, Margaret Gwyn, and Betsey McNeill, represented Queens. The conference was a great success, and the girls report an interesting trip.

Editor's Table

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The *Hollins Magazine* for February is an especially live number, with interesting articles, from cover to cover. The contents are well balanced, each department being represented in an unusually good manner. "Processions," a sketch from the Contributors' Club, especially appeals to us. "A Treasury of War Poetry" is well reviewed, and it is a good book for review now at a time when war poetry is creating a wide interest.

There is a review of "Christine" in the *Concept,* which gives a good idea of the contents of that much-talked-of book. "Camouflage" as the introductory poem of the *Concept* is good; also the short stories, which have a prominent part in the issue, are well worth reading. The Editorial Department of the February number is especially fine. We heartily agree with the sentiments expressed in "Quarantine."

The February Number of the *Clemson College Chronicle* very fittingly contains a sketch on "The Father of Our Country." The *Chronicle* contains much good material on current subjects of interest, but this number is to be congratulated especially on the poem, "France Lies Bleeding." This is one of the very best poems which has appeared in any of the Magazines which we have received this month.

The chief feature of the February *Southern Collegian* is the essay, "Development of German Influence in Turkey." A subject of as wide discussion as this one may well have such a prominent place. The little poem "Virginia," is quite expressive, and makes a strong appeal to the reader.

Among our February Exchanges, other well edited Magazines are: *St. Mary's Muse, Winthrop Journal,* and *State Normal Magazine.*

Queens Jester

QUESTIONS?

"Where can a man buy a cap for his knee,
Or a key for a lock of his hair?
Can his eyes be called an academy,
Because there are pupils there?
In the crown of his head what gems are found,
Who travels the bridge of his nose?
Can he use when shingling the roof of his mouth,
The nails in the end of his toes?
Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail,
And if so, what did he do?
How does he sharpen his shoulder-blades?
I'm sure I don't know, do you?"

—*Oral Hygiene.*

(Exact copy of notice recently seen on the bulletin board.)

Please do not leave books, papers, coats, hats, in the English room! There is sufficient trash in this room already.—Miss Tillett.

Gladys: "What is dollar diplomacy?"

Corinna: "I don't know exactly. Seems to me I've heard of schools where they give you a diploma for a dollar."

(Written in a Sophomore English book): "I do desire we may be better strangers."

One of the English classes was taking up for the first time *Inland Voyage and Travels With a Donkey,* when Ruby-neal asked, "Is this dry?"

Miss Tillett: "No, it is a voyage."

ODE TO THE FRESHMAN CLASS.

I stood upon a high bluff,
I looked down on a lane.
I saw a lot of green stuff,
That looked like waving grain.

I stared at it with puzzled eyes,
And thought it must be grass.
But goodness! To my great surprise
It was our Freshman class!

History Teacher: "Why is Ireland the richest country in the world?"

Freshman: "Because its capital is always Dublin."

Teacher (in Study Hall): "Girls, this noise must cease! Do not talk so loud when you whisper."

Miss Kelly (explaining Scripture to teachers less versed in it than she: "And He said to *Judas,* 'Before the cock crows you will deny me thrice.'"

"What people work and play at the same time?"

"Actors."

The girls were discussing "good feed" at the table, when Pearl asked: "Do you like codfish balls?"

Beatrice: "I don't know, I never attended one."

(We apologize for the out-of-dateness of the following joke, but for some unknown reason it was kept secret by both parties until very recently).

Katrine Wiggins, on her arrival in September to enter Queens for the first time, was driven to the college in the car with Miss Kelly. The conversation had just passed the weather stage, when Katrine turned to Miss Kelly and asked: "Are you a Freshman, too?" It then came to a disastrous end.

Margaret: "Lavinia, what are you drinking all that water for? That's your seventh glass."

Lavinia: "Well, I'm going to that dry English class next."

Take the following fact as proof positive that our proverbial Southern Sectionalism is rapidly disappearing. Mary Dove recently made an almost desperate effort to fit the words of "Dixie" into the tune of "Yankee Doodle."

It happened in English IV. Of all the guessing the most desperate took place in that class the other day when Miss Tillett asked about some famous sonnet series in English literature.

Miss Wilkinson (hopefully): *"Troilus and Creside,* by Shakespeare."

Miss Tillett: "Miss Rucker!"

Miss Rucker: "Maud."

"Pig" protested earnestly, after spending a week at home, against being sent back to school.

"What!" said her father, "don't want to go to school?"

"Yes, but not to that school?"

"And why not to Queens?"

"Because they want to teach me a lot of things that I don't know anything about."

English Teacher: "What was Priscilla singing as John Alden approached?"

Miss Chalmers: "The Hundredth Psalm."

Teacher: "Quote it!"

Miss Chalmers: "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Quotations as they come from the Brain that Crammed for Exam:

"There livies more faith in honest doubt, when belief o'er masters doubt, and I know that I know."

"There is a time and tide in the affairs of men" which "takes the breath of men away by thunders of white silence."

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are" Thesis.

"Let us then be up and doing, for men may come and men may spin forever down the ringing grooves of change."

"My heart leaps up when I behold a hale fellow, well met."

"This is truth the poet sings; He is a fool who thinks by force or skill to turn the current of a woman's will."

"Oh wadsome power, the gifte ge us to see a man not in the role of common men."

"MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY"

What if I wish to go out at night
And yet a theme I have to write.
What do I do? Haven't you seen?
I write then for the magazine.

What if a subject's assigned
Upon which I can't write a line,
What do I do? Notice the caper,
I write for our college paper.

What if to the editor-in-chief
I wish to bring some relief,
What do I do? Use your senses
And guess—I write for the PRINCESS.

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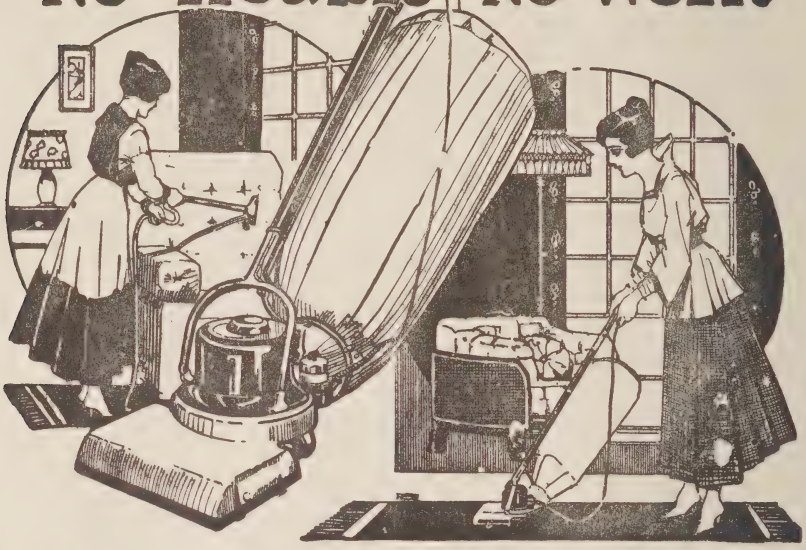

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